

WHERE WILL YOU SAIL?

Robert Beum

Where will you sail, my dreaming boy?
The maps you conjure by were mine:
Where will you dance a rigadoon
On cobblestones that sound and shine?

Where will you sail—or steam or jet?
What sea's unwired, what ship still wild,
Built for the heart? And every port
Feeds to a city not a child

Or lover looks at—motley gone
And gold and silver and the cheap
Shops in the moonlight caught on stone
Sleeping. Where's gable, nook, or sleep?

And every wind is one static,
The broadcast of a streamlined sphere:
Where will you wonder that the poor
Alone can walk and talk and hear?

Will you be lusty on rocket decks?
Life in a package, wenchless ports—
There's not a moon that has the charm
Of moonlight on the cobble courts.

Where will you sail out of this fear
Of living?

Sail; and bring those times
Back when a father dreamed on sons
Turning a globe and saving dimes.